THE TIMES' DAILY SERIAL STORY.

# THE PRINCE OF PRETENSE

STEPHEN CHALMERS

CHAPTER V (Continued).

"That's nott all," continued Fitzwillian. "How much Napoleon has to do with the rest I leave you to guess, as all England is guessing. Four days before Napoleon declared war on Russia-and against the Anglo-Russion alliance—England's attention was distracted by a declaration or war on the part of the American rebels—called by courtesy, the United States of America. Nice pickle England's in—hey?"

"Yes," said Kilby slowly. "But—you hinted that this something concerning me"—

"Presently. Presently!" said the major with a sneer. "Don't presume that Napoleon has any designs on you, personally. But I believe you are a soldier of His Majesty. The Corsican fox," he went on, unheeding the flush that overspread the captain's temples, "has laid his plans with his usual consummate cunning. His old ambition to wreck England is not dead. After Russia—England!" "At present he is surrounding her 'Presently, Presently!" said the ma-

England!

"At present he is surrounding her with as many troubles as he can encompass for her. The American authorities in Paris have worked hand in glove with Napoleon in this matter. America is annoying England on one side, and, if information is correct, the Corsican has planned that a certain glorious old standby of plotters against English peace will contribute more anxiety.

"There will be trouble in Scotland. Somewhere, among the flotsam and jetsam of nobility and royalty flung down by the French revolution, Napoleon has unearthed a Stuart!" earthed a Stuart!

without any gravity, "the thing is absured on the face of it. There was no dissue, except a daughter—illegitimate."
"What of that?" snapped the major. "You know the Jacobites. If you don't I do. They would follow a stuffed effigy if it was called Stuart. But I am not here to argue with anybody. I am making statements. Napoleon has found a man. He may be a Stuart, or he may not be. The point is that this man left Paris when Napoleon started for Russia. He is in Scotland now, and he is backed by all the men, horses, money and strategic cunning of the Emperor Napoleon!"

Napoleon!"
For a full minute Captain Kilby stared at the major. He did not like this man, but likes and dislikes were overwhelmed in the call of soldierliness. And all at once his heart began to beat in excite-

once his heart began to beat in excitement.

"Why did you come here?" he asked.

"To inquire," said Fitzwilliam, impatient at the question, deaf to the tone in which it was asked. "I shall proceed north inquiring at every turn. I wish to find the news before the news finds me. A rule which I commend to your respectful consideration."

"Perhaps you came to the right place

respectful consideration."
"Perhaps you came to the right place
at the outset," said Kilby quietly. "Two
nights ago a ship was driven on the
Antiers here—you know the reces? There was only one survivor, and rumor says that he is a resurrected likeness of Prince Charlie. Oddly enough, the man's name is said to be Charles Edward

Major Fitzwilliam spun around upon his junior, his eyes aflame with triumhere is that man now?" he almost

that followed had flashed through Fitz-william's heated brain.

william's heated brain.
"Iell me 'his—if you can tell me nothing else." he said to the captain, who
was exercising all the self-control he
had against 'he other's insulling, domineering manner. "What is this thing they call the gathering of the clan?"

"Gathering of the clan?" echoed Kilby, puzzled for a moment. Then his face cleared and he smiled. "Oh! it's a kind of—a kind of literary society where the lions of Scotland roar every Saturday night."

"Thank you. And one more question."

Thank you. And one more question. my dear captain. What has Dalgielsh-schoolmaster, isn't he?—what has he to do with it?"

"Yes, he's the schoolmaster," said Kilby, more puzzled than over, "He is the chairman—or something."
Suddenly Kilby looked up at the major, who was regarding him with a pair of eagle eyes. The cuptain suddenly thought he saw a light, "Come to think of it," he said, "the man I have been telling you about is being cared for at the schoolmaster's house."

"Ah," said Major Fitzwilliam, his mouth twisting into a gretified smile. He made a new mock bow to his sub-ordinate and said: "Thank you."

#### CHAPTER VI. Rebellion Bursts.

HARLES Edward got out of bed that Saturday. At first a little weak movement soon restored him to almost usual activity.

The clothes which he had worn in the
sea were much the worst for their immereion. And, for reasons of his own, Jamie Dalgleish would not hear of the stranger going abroad wearing any-thing as conspicuous in Scotland as the

rench garb. Later in the day the dominine returned from awalk abroad with a bun

turned from awalk abroad with a bundle containing a Highland costume, Besides the usual necessary garments there was a plaid, also a kilt of tartan. The tartan, either by design or accident, was the royal Stuart.

"It will suit you, sire," said Dalgleish. At the respectful address, Casimir looked up quickly. The dominie was regarding him with almost doglike admiration and servitude. Charles Edward turned abruptly to the window. He remained there for a few minutes, a tall, handsome figure, silhouetted

He remained there for a few minutes, a tall, handsome figure, silhouetted against the light. When he turned to Daigleish he said simply:

"If ever I can repay, I will."

He looked long and curiously at the pile of clothing. It was the regalia of race, the insignia of a chieftain, A great cairngorm stone glowed yellow amid the red of the tartan. Silver buttons and broad brooches suggested the splendor of whom should wear them.

"Put them on," said Daigleish. "Then I shall know my King."

Casimer raised a hand in a gesture of rebuke.

Casimer raised a hand in a gesture of rebuke.

"No. Not that," he said. "I cannot bear the word. Let me be myself a little while longer. Call me Casimir, or--aye, Charlie, if you will."

"Charlie!" said the dominie, like a woman whispering the beloved's name. Daigleish left the "stewdy" and went to the kitchen. Margaret met him, her face radiant, her eyes wide and moist. She had not slept; at least her dreams she had not slept; at least her dreams had been wakeful. Yet this morning she was more beautiful than her father had ever noticed before. She had become a woman all at once. There was a different way of breathing; her throat seemed fuller and her head differently poised.

What had brought this change, the girl did not know herself. Her thoughts had been filled with the man ever since she had seen him first. But it was not the man. Had he been a mere man she would have sternly checked her thought. He was the King! Why should she of

love her King?
"What does he do? What does he say? How is he?" she asked tremulous-

CHAPTER V (Continued).

ILBY nodded absently. But what had this to do with him personally?

"That's nott all," continued illian. "How much Napoleon has to

the King's guardian, the King's adviser—Sir James Dalgleish, the King-maker.

"Hush, child!" said he.

A little troubled crowd appeared on Margaret's brow. It was a momentary dread of—she knew not what.

But it passed as she looked at her father and understood. She seemed to hear, with him, the tread of the clansmen's feet, the roll of the drums and the fierce slogan of the pipes. What could withstand the wild men of the mountains—the men who had fought Fingland's battles for her? What could England to do against the Highlanders when they thundered across the border with the rightful King of Scotland at their head?—the immortal Charlie who would come and "come again" until the house of Hanover was crumbled in ruin!

The dominie suddenly halted and listened. Through walls and closed doors came the voice of a fiddle, played by no novice. It was an old lament which presently passed into a lively Scotch reel. Dalgleish looked at his daughter, and the tears laughed in his eyes. He waved his hand to her and marched to the "stewdy" door, where he paused long enough to give a respectful knock.

"Come in!" cried a gay voice.

Jamie entered. Then he stood for a moment, staring at a man transformed. The last dounbt in the schoolmaster's mind was wiped out, never to return. The personage before him was—could

moment, staring at a man transformed. The last dounbt in the schoolmaster's mind was wiped out, never to return. The personage before him was—could be no other than—the King of Scotland! Casimir, translating the expression of the dominie's face correctly, entered into the spirit of the moment. He laid aside the fiddle and folded his arms.

Margaret, running to her father's side in answer to his hoarse summons, saw her prince come again to his own land, his own people, his own costume. The royal kilt half revealed a pair of straight, sinewy limbs, with bare, clean-chisseled knees. The royal tartan, falling from his brooched shoulder to his ankles, imparted a dashing grace to the tall figure, while the gleaming buttons, dirk-hilts, and the cairngorm stone added to that color which is unrivaled in the Stuart costume.

Over the refined face with the little mustache and the imperial chin-spot was a bonnet of blue, with a silver clasp on the left side of it. Margaret's eyes traveled over the man from his buckled shoes to the clasped bonnet. Then she rushed to the front room.

In a minute she came panting back, Erushing her rapt father aside, she

In a minute she came panting back.

Brushing her rapt father aside, she ran to Casimir. His face betrayed astonishment at her impetuosity. She saw it, and came to a halt before him, a confused blush on her bonnie face. In her hand she carried a pair of black-cock's feathers.

Casimir, instinctively, took the bonnet. Casimir instinctively took the bonnet

from his head. She, misunderstanding the action, held out her hand to take it. He looked at her questioningly. Then he saw what she wanted.

Her fingers trembled as she fastened the arching feathers in the silver clasp. Presently she lifted her eyes to his and held out the bonnet. A swift change came over the man's face as she curt-sled low.

"No! No!" he exclaimed. "It is I who..."

"Where is that man now?" he almost shouted.

"Keep cool," said Kilby. "It is only rumor. Anyhow, the man, whatever his name and likeness, is here in Inverlachie, too sick to be moved. But the chances are against—"

"Nothing of the sort!" cried the man, of the sort!" cried the man for furiously. "I heard—this morning—I had an experience—I tell you that he is the man, and he is here. Furthermore, I'll stake my reputation that he has already declared himself. Very well! God help him, for I won't!"

With a sudden and new significance the toast at the tavern and the words that followed had flashed through Fitz—william's heated brain.

Who—"

He drooped on one knee as she straightened up, for he had seen the confusion and pain of misunderstanding in her face. He seized the hand which held the bonnet and touched it with his lips. Then he arose and looked down into her radiant face. He took the bonnet and placed it reverently upon her own head. As Napoleon's hat will transform almost any face to a likeness of the Corsican, so in an instant all the racial features of the Scotchwoman stood revealed, doubly strong, beneath the blue honnet with the proud black-tock's feathers.

"If I am Charles Edward," said Casmir, with a sad smile, "then have I

imir. with a sad smile, "then have I found brave Flora Macdonald."
The dominie in the doorway tried to cry out a protest against the parellel, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, for Margaret was looking up into the face of the prince with eyes that saw nothing, dreaming nothing, but

her prince. her prince.

"Margaret," said the dominie, when they were together again in the kitchen, "I must go now. The gathering is at 7. Bring him when its nearer. I wish," he added, with almost childish wistfulness, "I wish that all may see

Continuation of This Story Will Be Found In Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Was Peewee the Name? Mr. Peewee—Can't I keep out this quarter? I need it for a hair cut.
Mrs. Peewee—Give me that quarter and come in the kitchen and I'll cut your hair myself.—Chicago News.

The Advantages.

Mrs. B.—It's an awful job to move.
Mrs. W.—But look at the advantages,
I'm picking out a new style of wall Rip Out Your

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You Won't Need Them Any More-

If You Use PERSPI-NO!

It's good-bye forever to dress shields. Good-bye to excessive unnatural perspiration of the arm-pits. You can wear any

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perspiration, or have them get stiff, fade, and have the colors run, if you use the

You can go to a dance, to the theatre, concert. or any social affair, feeling sure that you will never be humiliated or be in

perfect misery because of arm-pit perspiration. PERSPI-NO is a powder, a simple

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Fire 'Em Quick!

## Miss Williams and Miss Merriam To Attend Convention at Baltimore

They Will Be Guests Each Day of Mrs. Norman E. Mack.

Miss Dorothy Williams and Miss Laura Merriam will be among those going over from Washington each day to attend the convention in Baltimore next week. They will be the guests each day of Mrs. Norman E. Mack, wife of the chairman of the convention.

Rear Admiral and Mrs., W. K. Van Reypen, U. S. N., retired, and their sonin-law and daughter. Baron and Baroness Serge Korff, have closed their Washington residence and have gone to New England to spend the summer. Baron and Baroness Korff came to this country to attend the recent International Red Cross conference, and while the baron delivers a series of lectures, the baroness will visit her parents.

The Commandant of the Narragansett Bay Naval Station and Mrs. William B. Caperton, U. S. N., inaugurated their hospitalities for the season last night by giving a dinner for army and navy guests at their quarters at the naval training station at Newport.

In the party were Capt. William L. E.

Rodgers, president' of the Naval War College, and his sister, Miss Rodgers; Capt. William B. Fletcher and Mrs Fletcher: Medical Inspector Francis N. Nash and Mrs. Nash; Capt. Thomas F. Dwyer, of Fort Adams, and Mrs. Dwyer, and Miss Marguerite Caperton.

American Beauty roses formed the decorations and coffee was served in the palm room and veranda, from which the guests could view the magnificent moonlight panorama of Narragansett Bay.

Bay. Captain and Mrs. Caperton, who re-cently left Washington for the former's cently left Washington for the former's new post, are figuring conspicuously in the festivities of the season at Newport. Several entertainments have been given in their honor, including a luncheon, which Mrs. Stuart Duncan gave for Mrs. Caperton yesterday. Miss Caperton was one of the most popular debutantes of the season in Washington last winter. last winter.

Miss Weir and

Mr. Heil Married. The marriage of Miss Katheryne T. Weir and Ernest P. Hell took place last evening at 6 o'clock at St. Mary's Catholic Church, the Rev. John P. Roth, the pastor, assisted by the Rev. Andrew Mihm, assistant pastor, officiating. A large gathering of relatives and friends of the young couple attended the ceremoney and the reception which followed at the home of the bridegroom's parents. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Heil, of

parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Hell, of 2313 H street.

Miss Blanche Triebler acted as bridesmaid, and Frank Keller was best man for Mr. Hell.

After a bridal trip North, Mr. and Mrs. Hell will return to Washington.

Miss Ellen Lemly will leave Washington about the 1st of July to join a camping party in the Catskills.

Mrs. S. L. Hinkle will leave Wash-ngton Wednesday to spend the sum-mer with relatives in Fairfax county,

Mrs. Jefferson R. Kean, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Kean, U. S. A., will leave Washington early in July for Woodbury Forrest, near Orange, Va., where she will spend the summer. She will be joined for brief visits during the summer by Colonel Kean.

and Mrs. James L. Karrick and the bride's mother, in Q street, was Mr. and Mrs. James L. Karrick and their family are closing their residence in Bancroft place about the first of next mon', and will go to Thompson Point, Lake Champlain, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Karrick and the bride's mother, in Q street, was attended by a small party of relatives and a few intimate friends.

Palms, ferns, and clusters of pink and white blossoms formed the house decording music was played by a string orchestra.

The bride's mother, in Q street, was attended by a small party of relatives attended by a small party of relatives and a few intimate friends.

Palms, ferns, and clusters of pink and white blossoms formed the wedding music was played by a string orchestra.

The bride's mother, in Q street, was attended by a small party of relatives and a few intimate friends.

Miss Ellen King has closed her apart-

ment in the Connecticut, and has gone to Massachusetts for the summer. Mrs. Ordway and her granddaughter,

wore a gown of white brocaded satin trimmed with princess lace. Her long tulle veil was arranged with orange blossoms, and the bridal bouquet was a shower of Bride roses. Little Miss Beatrice Fairfax, who was the flower girl, was in a dainty white lace frock, and carried a little white basket filled with white sweet peas. Miss Valerie Padelford, will close their apartment in Stoneleigh Court the last of this month, and will go to the Virginia White Sulphur Springs for the Henry Smith was his prother's best man.

An informal reception for the wedding party followed the ceremony, and later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Smith left Washington for an extended wedding trip. The bride wore a blue taffeta dress and a small blue hat. Fer September 1 they will be at home in Newark, N. J.

Miss Ellen Lockett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Lockett, will leave Washington early in July to spend some time in Long Island. She will then go with Mrs. Andrew Bradley to Virginia White Sulphur Springs for the re-mainder of the summer.

Mrs. McCain, wife of Colonel Henry P. McCain, U. S. A., will leave Washington early in July for Green Lake, Wisconsin, where she expects to spend the summer. Colonel McCain will probably join her later in the summer.



younger diplomatic set who will be prominently identified with the social prominently identified with the social life at Magnolia, Mass., this summer are Miss Maria Carlota de Pena and Miss Malvina de Pena, daughters of the Minister of Uruguay and Mme. de

The legation of Uruguay will be established at that resort again this sum-mer, after a successful season last year, and the Misses de Pena will accompany their parents thither at the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston Gibson are spending a few days at the Muenching-er-King. Newport, while making a selection of a cottage for the summer. They will make a brief trip to Europe before the Newport season reaches it height.

Senator and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge have gone to New York, and are spend-ing a few days at the Hotel Belmont.

The Costa Rican Minister and Senora le Calvo and their family will leave Washington about July 1, for Seal Harsummer.

Captain Vassilief, naval attache of the Russian embassy, is in New York for a few days, after a trip to Newembassy is to be csablished for the summer. improvised altar of palms and white flowers by her uncle, S. R. Waters, wore a gown of white brocaded satin Count de Chambrun, military attache

the French embassy, and Countess Chambrun, who are now in the Vest, will sail from New York June 26, Admiral and Mrs. George Dewey, U. S. N., will leave Washington Wednesday for their summer home at Woodstock, Vt.

Frankiin K. Lane will return to Washington this afternoon from Chi-cago, where he and Mrs. Lane have

spent the last week, attending the Republican convention. Mrs. Lane is expected to come back to Washington Sunday.

Mrs. Lehr, wife of Dr. Louis Lehr, will leave Washington July 3, to spend a month with her mother, Mrs. Conrad, at her home in Worthington Valley, near Baltimore, Md. Mr. and Mrs. Lehr Miss Lidia Loring, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Francis B. Loring, who has been spending some time in Warrenton, Va., will return to Washington this will leave Washington July 3, to spend a month with her mother, Mrs. Courad, at her home in Worthington Valley, near Baltimore, Md. Mr. and Mrs. Lehr will go to Canada and the Adirondacks for the latter part of the season.

### FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

### The Sandman's Stories

THE KNIGHT OF THE FIRE.

over the prairie toward the wooded hills that rose in the distance. In it were Mrs. Elder, the baby most of the furniture the family was bringing West, where they expected to make their home among the seekers

for gold.

In the second wagon was the big brother, who had charge of the heavy furniture, and followed in the path just behind the large wagon. On the seat of the first one sat little Clarence beside his father, watching the wind sweep over the long grass and the clouds chase each other over the vast

sky.

Though only eleven, Clarence had worked hard since a baby. Yet this had not prevented him spending a great deal of time in reading about fairles, giants and brave knights with golden shields who saved beautiful ladies from bad dragons. And now the great



wish of his heart was to be a knight— a real knight with plumed helmet, a shining lance and a horse that leaped over castle walls.

But there was not much chance here But there was not much chance here among the prairies and hills for knights and dragons, he sadly thought as the wagon lumbered on slowly. Suddenly, there was a cry from Robert, the big brother, and, looking back, Clarence saw that he had fallen from his seat and was unable to rise. In a moment Mr. Elder was at his side and saw that the young man, who had fallen asleep while driving, had broken one of his ribs when he tumbled to the ground. ribs when he tumbled to the ground.

"I will take the small wagon and drive Robert to Warren to the doctor," exclaimed Mr. Elder to his wife. So the little wagon was unloaded, the brother placed on a mattress and the father started off at once with him to the town, twenty miles away.

"You camp here till I return day after tomorrow," explained Mr. Elder before leaving. "I will be back by then. There is a water hole at the foot of that hill," and he pointed out the spot to Clarence. to Clarence.

The boy fed the team, built a fire, and, taking one of the horses, rode for water.

HE big wagon creaked wearily | He found the spring a large one, which came splashing down from the hill and made a big pond in the center of a very large circle entirely of sand. Though no a blade of grass grew near the spring, the prairie came to within a

no a blade of grass grew near the spring, the prairie came to within a quarter of a mile on one side and the hills on the other.

After breakfast the next morning Clarence noticed a strange gray cloud over on the eastern edge of the prairie, and it seemed to grow each moment. Presently he saw tongues of flame.

"The prairie is afire, mother," he called, "Pack everything in the wagon while I hitch, and we will run for the water hole." There weren't any giants to fight or knights to meet, but here was a real danger he could face in saving others. So he went bravely about his work. In five minuts everything, including Mrs. Elder and the baby, was in the wagon and Carence on the front seat guiding the frightened horses in their leaps across the prairie. They had smelt the smoke and flew like the wind, while behind them rolled a vast wave of darkness, out of which leaped long tongues of flame that lit the sky. Fast ran the horses, but faster rushed the fire, licking up the grass and leaving a blackened land as it passed.

Now it was but a few hundred yards away. But with a wild cry of joy the boy felt the horses plunge down a sand bank, and he guided them till they splasned right into the stream.

They were saved—the fire could not cross the waste of sand which surrounded them, though its heat was still terrible. Selzing a bucket, Clarence threw water over the wagon cover to keep it cool and prevent its shriveling with the heat, then he dashed the cool water over the panting animals. This he kept up for half an hour, and in that time the fire had roared past.

The next afternoon as Clarence stood washing his hands in the sfream he saw his father galloping over the prairie toward them.

"So you proved a knight, indeed," cried the happy father, who had expectited the happy father.

was his father galioping over the prairie toward them.

"So you proved a knight, indeed," cried the happy father, who had expected to find them all burned to death. The boy pointed to some shining specks in the sand at his feet.

"It is gold, gold, you have found, my boy," exclaimed the father in excitement. "Why, the stream is full of it, and we need go no further to look,"

In a few months the Elders sold their mine for a large rum of money and went back rich to their old home in the Fast. And now you can see a beautiful picture in their parlor—it is of a boy driving a team of frightened horses before a prairie affame, and on the bottom is engraved;

> CLARENCE ELDER. The Knight of the Fire.

Tomorrow. The Blacksmith and

#### FOR TIMES WOMEN WHO WANT TO KNOW

# What Is Seen in The Shops

to say the least, to see oneself walking up the street toward one, or to be compelled to sit near a perfect stranger clad like a twin, in exactly the same kind of a dress that one is wearing. This state of affairs is the main objection almost everyone has to wear Thirteenth, are some cuticle knives objection almost everyone has to wearing ready-made dresses, but the trouble with handles of Parisian Ivory and could be avoided with little effort. Removing a few buttons, or unnecessary nails. These knives are 25 cents could be avoided with little effort. Removing a few buttons, or unnecessary trimming, setting in a new yoke, or adding a touch of a different material will often so change a dress that it is entirely individual. Colored dresses are harder to change than white ones, and therefore it is better to buy white if possible unless the colored dress lends itself particularly to the addition of some other tone.

Women's and Misses' white lingeric wood, made into sticks for the orange wood, made into sticks for the orange wood, made into sticks for the made in th

some other tone.

Women's and Misses' white lingerie
dresses of all-over embroidery and made
of fine lawn, white dresses of voile with of fine lawn, white dresses of voile with imitation cluny insets and insertion, and daintily colored gowns of dimity, are on sale at half price in a woman's furnishing store on F street between Thirteenth and Twelfth. Embroidered lawn dresses are \$2.35; voile dresses, made in the latest styles with high waists and both low and high necks, are \$3.85, and the dimity dresses, plain with button trimmings and embroidered with button trimmings and embroidered collars and cuffs, are selling for \$4.95. These dresses are well made and just a few touches are required to make them distinctive. House dresses are distinctive. House dresses are

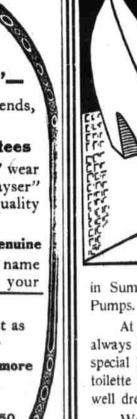
It is a distinctly unpleasant sensation, | handbags are in fashion. Toilet articles

There are some new veilings to be had on the first floor of a department store, on Eleventh street, near F. They are in green, with a large open net, close net of dark blue, white embroider-ed net, and black lace. Although not very long, the vells in these styles, that are of closer net, are excellent for motoring. They range in price, for motoring. from \$1 to \$3.

#### Made a Difference. Physician (after the examination)-

ou ailment is of long standing. \$1.95.

The silver vanities carried, are unnecessary, now that the large linen deep-seated.—Puck.



Ladies' Stylish White Canvas And Buckskin Pumps

No More

There's nothing neater, cooler, or more comfortable

in Summer footwear, than dainty White Canvas or Buckskin

At home, or on vacation-in the day, in the night, white is always in good taste. A pair of these attractive pumps, made on special lasts, which insure style and comfort, complete mi'lady's toilette in a becoming manner. You feel well dressed and look well dressed when you wear them.

We can fit your foot with the latest style White Canvas or Buckskin Footwear at \$1.50 to \$3.50 less than the average price. Let us serve you today.

## Colonial Sample Shoe Co.,

9th and F Northwest

4th Floor Wash. Loan & Trust Bldg. Open Saturday Eve.



MISS MARIA CARLOTA DE PENA.

Miss Mary Spignul, daughter of Mrs.

William H. Spignul, was married to Ralph M. Smith, of Newark, N. J., last evening at 7:30 o'clock. The wedding

ceremony, which was performed by the

Rev. Samuel H. Greene, pastor of the

Henry Smith was his brother's best

Miss Spignul Weds Ralph M. Smith.